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# In Memoriam.



GANSEVOORT-LANSING  
COLLECTION

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BY VICTOR HUGO PALTSITS

*under the terms of the last will and testament of*

CATHERINE GANSEVOORT LANSING

*granddaughter of*

*General Peter Gansevoort, junior*

*and widow of the*

*Honorable Abraham Lansing*

*of Albany, New York*



1. Name,

Mrs. T. B. Prinsmade.

166 Columbia Heights.


Mr Abraham Lansing  
115 Washington Ave  
Albany  
N Y

GANSEVOORT - LANSING  
COLLECTION

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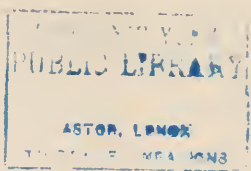




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James Beebe Brinsmade

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In Memoriam.

1871-1872

1872

1872-1873

1873-1874

1874-1875

1875-1876

17519A

James Beebe Brinsmade.

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Born in New York, May 1, 1824.

Died in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 3, 1884.



17519A

OBSEQUIES.







## OBSEQUIES.



THE funeral services were held at his residence, 166 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, Sabbath afternoon, January 6th, at four o'clock. The interment took place January 7th in the Albany Rural Cemetery.

The services were performed by the Rev. Alfred J. Hutton, pastor of the Reformed Church on the Heights, assisted by the Rev. Jacob Whitehurst, pastor of Bethany Chapel.

After the reading of the Scriptures, the following hymn was sung :

It is not death to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close  
 The eye long dimmed by tears,  
 And wake in glorious repose  
 To spend eternal years.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,  
 Thy chosen cannot die ;  
 Like thee, they conquer in the strife,  
 To reign with thee on high.

After which Rev. Jacob Whitehurst offered  
 prayer.

Reading of the One Hundred and Third  
 Psalm, which was so dearly loved and so often  
 quoted by the deceased, as expressing the  
 deep thanksgiving of his heart to God for  
 his mercies.

#### HYMN.

Jesus, I live to thee,  
 The loveliest and best ;  
 My life in thee, thy life in me,  
 In thy blest love I rest.

Jesus, I die to thee,  
 Whenever death shall come ;  
 To die in thee is life to me  
 In my eternal home.

Whether to live or die,  
I know not which is best ;  
To live in thee is bliss to me,  
To die is endless rest.

Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be thine ;  
My life in thee, thy life in me,  
Makes heaven forever mine.





ADDRESS.





ADDRESS OF  
REV. ALFRED J. HUTTON.

DEARLY BELOVED—We are gathered to-day as a company of sorrowful and sympathizing friends. We have come to weep with those that weep. Let us not fail to remember that it is good to go to the house of mourning. This stroke of death has fallen upon us so suddenly, and with such crushing force, that we are almost stunned into silence. Words, perhaps, never seem so to disappoint our hearts as when one tries to voice the feelings of an occasion like this. Earth is indeed made poorer, but heaven itself is enriched by the cause of our common sorrow.

James Beebee Brinsmade was born in New York City, May 1st, 1824. The blood was both Dutch and Puritan. He was a lineal descendant of men who bore an honorable part in the settlement of New England, and in the subsequent struggles by which the independence of our country was achieved. Father and great-grandfather were alumni of Yale College, and from the same venerable and noble institution he also was graduated, at the age of twenty-one. Two years later he began the practice of law in Albany, and coming to New York with an experience of six years in his profession, he continued in it altogether for a period of over twenty years. He retired from active practice in 1868, partly by reason of broken health, and partly because of a most advantageous opportunity to enter upon the business in which he continued until the time of his death. In boyhood, he was at once thoughtful and popular; in college, an honorable and prominent figure among his class-mates; at the bar, a large and successful practitioner; in business, both upright and successful. This is the barest outline of a life, upon many of whose distinctive features



it were a pleasure to dwell, and what were fulsome eulogy for most, were scant justice to our departed friend. I might speak of his scholarship, his industry, his ability, his culture; I might hold him up as a model citizen in his large public spirit, his strict integrity, and his wise benevolence; but we who knew him cannot forget that, among his most marked characteristics, was his modesty, and none of us will doubt that his own wish would be that this service should be simple and spiritual.

One thing I well know he would not have us fail to remember and speak of here, and this I know from the final words he spoke to me. It was the last evening of the dying year. Never did he greet me more pleasantly and cordially than as I then entered his room, although he had but just recovered from a severe paroxysm of pain about the heart; and as he took my hand, his face fairly radiant with the spirit of sweet and loving submission, he said: "This is the best place for me; this is all right; I see it even now." We conversed together pleasantly for an hour or more, and then we lifted our hearts in

prayer, and I took his hand to say good-bye. He seemed deeply moved and pressed my hand very closely as I assured him that he would always be in my prayers. "Yes," he answered, "but I want you to be very thankful in your prayers. The mercies connected with this providence are very great; the words of the One Hundred and Third Psalm are in my mind continually." So I know that if he could express a wish about this service, it would be that a spirit of thankfulness to God should pervade it.

He accounted it a great mercy that the accident that prostrated him occurred so near his own home. He was necessarily much away from home because of his extended and important business interests. Moreover, his infirm health made frequent recreation indispensable. He had but recently returned from one of these pleasure excursions, and returned, too, in a greatly improved condition of body. He was thus able better to bear the great shock of the accident. But his own mind seemed to dwell less upon the suffering connected with it than upon the great blessing that he could be

carried at once into his own house by his own sons.

He accounted it a great mercy, too, that, as a family, they had been permitted to have their joyous Christmas-day together. It had been to him and to them an ideal day of domestic delight, and when the stroke followed so soon thereafter, his loved ones were all about him, and, like him, they were all looking upon the bright side of their sorrow, and happy in the belief that they had but to watch and wait for a few weeks and he would be well again. He said there is a providence in this that we do not yet see, and when it was suggested that it might be God's purpose to draw them nearer to one another, he exclaimed : "How can that be? Can *we* be any nearer to each other than we are?" Last year they were much and widely separated. How great a mercy that he was not taken then! And this year they were only occasionally all together; but when he fell, every hand was near to soothe his suffering, and every heart to speak its loving sympathy.

But again it is a great mercy that this is just the overwhelming sorrow to us all that it is.

Were it less so, then he must have been loved less, and the sweetest and supremest joy of his life was in loving and being loved. He would rather never have lived than to have lived without just this rich, overflowing love of his home-circle and of his friends. Death cannot often so sorely smite us, because he can but rarely find one so widely and well beloved. Then, too, it was a mercy that he could not stay longer. The hardest part of recovery was still to be endured, and he has thus been spared its wearisome pain and weakness and confinement. Isaiah tells us that we ought to remember that the righteous man is often taken away from the evil to come. Perhaps he could never have been in even tolerable health again, had his life been spared; but now, forever freed from bodily suffering and infirmity, his glorified soul is happy in the presence of his Saviour.

And this brings us to the very greatest mercy connected with this affliction. Our brother was so noble and pure a Christian, and so ready to meet his Lord. Death came, indeed, like a thief, but he could not take *him* at unawares. He had often suffered as

much, perhaps more than, at the last, and he was hardly anticipating that the end could be so near; but the summons could only be to the final reward and the crowning in his Father's kingdom.

Of the many marked and exemplary features of his Christian life and character, I may now refer to but a few. It were natural, perhaps, to speak first of its great length. He did not die an old man. We thought to have him with us still another decade or more. He never seemed younger in feeling and spirit. But he had openly served God well-nigh half a century. He wasted no years in early life. He did not give the strength of his young manhood to the world. He remembered his Creator in youth. He confessed Christ when but fourteen years of age. A distinguished German commentator expresses the conviction that, relatively the earlier the conversion, the richer the fullness of the spiritual life that ensues, and not only here, but hereafter. I commend this thought to the young here present, and the beautiful illustration we seem to see of it in the life that has just closed. Of how few dying un-

der three-score years can it be said that they have served their Lord so long ! What more had this life to offer him ? He had tasted all its sweetest joys, known all its deepest experiences, and had manfully borne the heat and burden of its toil. Was he not, indeed, ready to be crowned, having fought a good fight, having finished his course, and having kept the faith ?

And this leads me to speak of another distinctive characteristic of his Christian life : its large consecration. It is not necessarily a great thing to be a member of the church as long as he was. Some trees of the Lord's garden yield little but leaves, even through so many years. A noted preacher of our day has said : " God has a great many children that have very little power." But our brother was one of those who have great power. He was like the tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season. He began at once to be active in the church. His voice was heard in her meetings for prayer and conference from first to last. He was present on the last Friday evening before his sad accident, and

both spoke and prayed in the meeting. And not only was the help of his appropriate and strong utterances of truth freely given, but he was equally well furnished unto every good work. He was a leader in every best enterprise to promote the welfare of Zion and to save souls. He never felt that he had not time for Christian duty because of the pressure of worldly cares. He accounted his master's claims first. He made religion the principal thing, and it was because of this early and increasing Christian activity that he came to fill so large a place in, and to be such a tower of strength to, the Church on the Heights through the twenty-nine years since he entered her communion. Coming to her under the memorable pastorate of the eloquent and beloved Dr. Bethune, he took from the first a profound interest in her enlargement and welfare. He has held every office she could bestow upon him, having been for some six years the superintendent of the Sunday-school, for a like term a member of her board of deacons, and for the past fourteen years one of her ruling elders. And every office he held he honored by the signal

ability, the scrupulous fidelity, and the marked success with which he discharged the sacred trust thus reposed in him. His entire connection with his chosen church has always been marked by the most ardent attachment and devoted loyalty to all her interests. Whoever else might be absent from her services, if he were at home and well, you could count on his presence morning and evening. Whoever else might be slow to respond to her appeals, he was always eager to help with generous hand and loving heart. Whoever else might utter a dissonant note in her councils, his was always the voice of those of whom Christ has said: "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." And he always gave to his pastor the heartiest and most constant support. He cheered his heart by his genial and loving friendship; helped his judgment by his discreet and valuable counsel; strengthened his hands by his fair and frank and manly commendation. All who have known him in this capacity would gladly bear this testimony could they stand here to-day; and while any of them might



render their tribute of esteem more fittingly and eloquently, not one of them could render it more affectionately and sincerely than I now do.

I must speak but one other word, and that shall be of the rare symmetry of his Christian character. Symmetry means fullness. Every talent is improved, all the powers are brought into harmonious play. Not a few serve God very well in some particular way that they find easiest for themselves, and never seem to do much else for Him. It may never be difficult for them to talk well; or, perhaps, if always silent, they are very ready to give their money,—or, again, if weak at both these points, the general influence of their daily life in other respects may be of the best. But Mr. Brinsmade was just as strong in the prayer-meeting as he was in benevolent gifts, and just as strong in the example of his business and home life as in either. And any one who knows what it is to say that truly, knows that it is almost the highest praise. Not for the sake of praise, however, do I say this here; but for the sake of its influence upon others. But symmetry means also consistency. To-

day and yesterday are not in contradiction. And not only are Sabbath and week-day living in perfect accord, but summer and winter as well. Our brother was the same humble and earnest Christian, whether among us here or when seeking recreation in mountain or sea-side home, or when absent from both home and country, in distant lands. But again, symmetry means beauty. A one-sided development is always unpleasing, sometimes monstrous. Once more, symmetry always means strength. It is when every part helps every other, and all conspire to a common end, that largest force is secured and best results accomplished. It was the rule of his life to seek to develop himself along the whole range of his being, and to bring every power under the control of a sanctified will. He was not without appetite, not without passion, but like another, he had buffeted his body and learned to keep it under.

It was because of such symmetry of Christian character that an eminent legal friend, who had known him intimately for forty years, in professional, social, and domestic life, could say, as he did to me a day or two

since, "In all that time I have never heard him say an unkind thing, an unjust thing, an unthankful thing, an indelicate thing." Very few succeed in thus bridling the tongue. It was this symmetry and strength that so lifted him above the envy, the anger, the strife, and the greed of ordinary life. It was this that made him always not only so ready and able to speak, but so eager and glad to do for his Master. And it was this beautiful development of God's sweet grace that, when the final trial came, stilled every murmuring thought, and lifted him into that higher and holier atmosphere of heavenly trust and peace, where the most frequent utterance of the lips, and the constant thought of the heart was, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

But we must not linger. Noble and devoted brother, sweet and generous friend, thou art indeed gone from us, and shalt return no more ! But again shall we see thee, for where thou art, thither will God also bring us, that together we may behold His glory, and together taste through the eternal years the joys that are at His right hand. And, O, could

we but see thee now, a glorified spirit, clothed upon with the house that is from Heaven, joined with the friends gone on before, mingling with that bright and happy throng that cast their crowns before the Throne,—it were a vision of supernal blessedness to hush every thought of pain, to give us beauty for ashes, and to kiss our darkest grief into brightest gladness :

“ No shadows yonder ! all light and song ;  
Each day we wonder, and say how long  
Shall time us sunder from that dear throng ? ”



LETTER.





## LETTER.

The following letter, from the Rev. Denis Wortman, was read :

SAUGERTIES, N. Y., Jan. 4th, 1884.

MY DEAR BROTHER HUTTON :

I have just received, by telegraph, an invitation to assist you in the sad scenes of the funeral of your and my very dear friend, Mr. Brinsmade. To my deep grief for his death, there is the additional pain of a necessary absence from an occasion when I should so appreciate the melancholy privilege of paying my humble but most affectionate tribute to his manly and his Christian worth.

Miss him, who will not? either among those who have known him from his early manhood up,

—and the longer they have known him, have so known him only to find out new causes for their admiration and affection,—or, among more recent friends, whose shortest acquaintanceship has revealed so many noble and generous traits?

Miss him, where will he not be missed? In the great city, with its heavy industries; in the circle of commercial and professional gentlemen, who so trusted his integrity and valued his judgment; in the church, where his large hope, his warm piety, his ready beneficence, strengthened every heart, and stimulated every enterprise; in the home—alas, into that private sanctuary of sorrow, we hardly may think to venture, even to speak the word of Christian cheer! What home, on all Brooklyn Heights, ever gave both courtlier and kinder welcome to the happy guest? Who did not feel all sure of the honesty of his greeting from our dear friend? And in all the beauty and attraction of that home how most fittingly sat the grace, the dignity, the urbanity, of that husband and father! Oh, how gentle, how soothing, how supporting to the weeping ones there, must be their knowledge—for surely they must know this! that only kindest memories gather from every hand around their dead; and round the living a universal sympathy and prayer!

Oh! I feel sure that in this sad hour they will be sustained by the grace of the dear Saviour, and



sure I am that, walking along through the mists of this present day so dark, they will, as it were, catch glimpses of that City set on higher Heights, where God hath placed a nobler mansion than any we live in here; and sweet and sacred shall be the reunions there, and all made good these grievous separations, and complete, and eternal the home-love and home-joy will be!

I sympathize with you, my dear brother, in your personal loss, and in the great bereavement the dear Church on the Heights meets with; and pray that one and all may alike be comforted in this sorrow, and by the life now ended,—aye, better say just now begun,—be stimulated to follow so strong and beautiful an example.

Yours, very sincerely,

DENIS WORTMAN.

#### HYMN.

Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee!  
 Even though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me.  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels, to beckon me,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

Or, if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

The services were closed with the benediction.





MINUTES.





## MINUTES.

MINUTES ADOPTED BY THE CONSISTORY OF  
THE CHURCH ON THE HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN.

IT having pleased Almighty God in his sovereign and inscrutable providence to remove from us by death our beloved brother, James Beebee Brinsmade, this consistory records with deep sensibility the sad event. The rare excellence of our brother's Christian character and his untiring zeal in the interests of this church, profoundly impress us with the great loss we have sustained. James Beebee Brinsmade was elected deacon in this church November, 1860, and served until November,

1866. In November, 1869, he was elected elder and continued in office until his death, which occurred January 3d, 1884.

We bow in unfeigned sorrow and humble submission, with prayerful and trustful hearts, beneath this severe stroke from our Father's hand, saying, "Thy will be done." We profoundly feel that we have lost from the church militant a brother of large ability, of sterling worth, of inflexible integrity, and of noble impulses as a *man*; of singular sweetness and purity of life, and of marked symmetry and strength of character as a *Christian*, and one who always cherished the most ardent attachment and manifested the most loyal devotion to this Zion.

Of courteous bearing, of genial disposition, of refined instincts, of cultivated tastes, and of an affectionate and sympathetic nature, clear in judgment, wise in counsel, liberal and unostentatious in benevolence, firm and faithful in his friendships, he filled a large place in our hearts and was a chief pillar of strength in this church.

He continued as a teacher in the Sunday-school, after having served as its superin-



tendent for several years. His diligent and earnest study of the Word of God, and his patient and intelligent efforts in imparting to the young men of the church the rich results of his studies, as a teacher in the Sunday-school, has borne rich fruit, and, we are persuaded, has been productive of great blessing to the church.

In his death this community loses one of its most public-spirited and patriotic citizens, this city's noble system of Christian charities one of its staunchest and most generous supporters, and the Church of God, both at home and abroad, one of its truest, largest-hearted, and most devoted friends.

We shall miss his wisdom in our official deliberations, his voice in our prayer-circle, his unfailing attendance upon all the means of grace, and his substantial and hearty support of this church, both as to her temporal and spiritual interests.

While, therefore, we deeply mourn the loss of one so useful, so self-sacrificing, and so well beloved, we are glad to point to the record of such a full-orbed and noble life ; and we feel that the fragrance of its rich and

precious memories must ever abide as an inspiration to, and a benediction upon, us and upon the church of his love.

To his family, thus suddenly and so sorely smitten, we tender our warmest and most affectionate Christian sympathy in their great sorrow, and our fervent and united prayers that the God of all comfort will be to them a very present help in their time of trouble.

MINUTES ADOPTED BY THE DIRECTORS OF  
THE EVERETT IRON COMPANY.

*Whereas*, The Everett Iron Company has been suddenly bereft of its revered first president, James Beebee Brinsmade :

*Be it resolved*, That this Board is profoundly impressed with the gravity of the loss to the Corporation of one of its members, who was as much more its official head, as it was honored and benefited by the elevation of his personal character, by his sagacity in administration, by his wide experience in affairs, and by the attention and respect accorded by all to his views and wishes.

*Resolved*, That this Board keenly appreciates the watchful interest and the rare ability with which the offices of its late presiding member have been performed, the wise counsels of which it is suddenly deprived, and the attractive personal qualities of mind and of heart that gave amenity and grace to the labor and duties of the trust of which he was the executive.

*Resolved*, That this Board extends to the family of the deceased its heart-felt sympathy in their sorrowful affliction, and that it offers, as a slight tribute to the memory of its late president, a copy of this imperfect expression of the estimation and respect severally entertained by its surviving members toward their departed friend, whose memory it will be their privilege to cherish and revere.

From the minutes of a meeting of the directors of the Everett Iron Company, held the tenth day of January, A. D. 1884.

JOHN CLINTON GRAY,  
*Clerk to the Corporation.*

THE FOLLOWING MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS  
WERE PASSED BY THE EMPLOYÉS OF THE  
EVERETT IRON COMPANY.

The foremen and employés of the Everett Iron Company, having learned with profound sorrow of the sudden death of James B. Brinsmade, Esq., the President of the Everett Iron Company, desire to give expression to their feelings, produced by this untimely affliction. The following preamble and resolutions feebly express the emotions which pervade their hearts :

*Whereas*, It has pleased Almighty God in the dispensation of His providence to call from labor to reward the honored President of our Company, Mr. James B. Brinsmade : Therefore be it

*Resolved*, That, as employés of the Everett Iron Company, we hereby extend our heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved family in their affliction, trusting that they may be sustained by the comforting grace and almighty power

of that God without whose knowledge not even a "sparrow falleth to the ground."

*Resolved*, That our especial sympathies are hereby extended to our kind superintendent, Mr. H. N. Brinsmade, in the irreparable loss he has sustained in the death of his beloved father.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be properly signed by the foremen and presented to the family of the deceased.

ISAAC PROSSER, *Master Mason*.  
JOHN SPRAGUE, *Mining Supt.*  
T. S. COOPER, *Master Machinist*,

And others.





NOTICES  
FROM THE PRESS.







## NOTICES FROM THE PRESS.

Letter from General Henry B. Carrington to the *Brooklyn Eagle*, published in the issue of January 27, 1884:

Another noiseless, symmetrical and beautiful life, beneficent in every relation to family, society and religion, has been transferred from the work and companionships of earth to realize in ripe fruition the value of a blessed faith and complete consecration in the Master's service. Natural endowments, thorough training, genuine soul culture, great will power, patient industry, spotless integrity, and a genial spirit, were so combined as to realize for that one life the just tribute — "Earth has lost, but Heaven has gained by his departure." The three-score years, just rounding out their completed labors, closed, as in a moment; preceded by a few

days of calm, radiant happiness at his home, with no special warning that the end drew near; but still, under the assured influence of a Divine presence, which converted even the pain from a fractured limb into a source of abounding thanksgiving to God for past mercies and sustaining grace. The earthly life that was ended on the 3d of January, 1884, left no shining record of military or political preferment; but a spirit of lofty patriotism has pervaded every contact with the issues which challenged public attention during forty years past. The obligations of Christianity, as the mainspring of every impulse and aspiration, were felt as actively in the duties of the citizen as in those of church fellowship; and the details of professional and business life were alike molded and controlled by a discriminating charity and a just regard for the rights of all, whatever their station or calling. A modest exercise of rare judgment, under circumstances of unusual responsibility, was allied to such delicate respect for the feelings and opinions of others, that the very independence and force with which he crowded his varied business enterprises to success only deepened the respect and enhanced the affection of all who shared his confidence and friendship. It was his single purpose to do all things as a steward of his Divine Master, and to work out life's issues in the complete recognition of his duties to others as well as to himself. The

demands of exhaustive labor, with occasional ill-health, could not impair his trust in Providence, or weaken that self-control and even balance which marked his growth from youth to manhood and illumined his last days with a light like that of pre-anticipated Heavenly joys. Neither did the pressure of a peculiarly exacting business, during years of uncertain fluctuations and trying ordeals, repress good cheer when the office was exchanged for the sweet domesticities of home, and no outside cares or demands could weaken the calm and interested devotion with which he entered into his church and Sunday-school work. His was, indeed, a noiseless life, like the growth of some overshadowing and protecting oak, unconscious of its blessed offices for good to those beneath its sheltering presence, while compelling the gratitude and devotion of all who felt that presence. To have shared the affections of such a friend from earliest childhood ; to have joined with him in boyhood's sports, and wrought as one in college effort ; to have participated in the confidences and affinities of maturer years, and part only at his open grave, bring motive enough to inspire such mention of this completed life that others who only knew him in his dignity as a man and his influence as a citizen may take notice of the leading facts which developed a worthy exemplar for all who aspire to a character alike blessed and above reproach.

James Beebee Brinsmade — born May 1, 1824, in Franklin Square, New York, on the site of the present Harper Building — inherited from his father (of the same name) the traits which cast the characters of the Beebee, Brinsmade, and Standish ancestors, from the first settlement of New England. There was the same characteristic reverence for the Word of God and its requirements, which, without the rigidity of the Puritan, entered into the very texture of his life as a principle, supreme and constant. The early Colonial wars found these families as true to country as to religion. James Beebee, graduate of Yale, 1745, was the classmate of Daniel Brinsmade; and, although a clergyman, took part in the old French war, as well as that for American Independence. James Beebee Brinsmade, Sr., also graduated at Yale in 1813, taught an academy at Easton, Penn., was a merchant in New York, and for twenty-five years, until his death (in 1856), was an active member of the School Board and of societies benevolent in their work. The son taught in the city public schools until he also entered Yale College, to graduate in 1849,—just a century later than Daniel Brinsmade,—and having as classmate and room-mate his cousin, the grandson of James Beebee, of the Class of 1745. On the morning of Commencement-day, 1845, three representatives, in the third generation, of three kindred families separated, after writing in each other's

albums a pledge of true friendship through life. A common family origin endeared each to the others. The three cousins were James Beebee Brinsmade, Henry Clay Birdseye, and Henry Beebee Carrington — the last named, and eldest, being the only survivor. The college life of Brinsmade, like that of his childhood, was the forecast of his after life so replete with conscientious acts of devotion to duty and so impressive in its silent dignity and judicious participation in all class-work and sport, that honors flowed freely to his acceptance, and no jealousies attended the deserved tribute. Of commanding presence, ever courteous and winsome, while never boyish or trifling, there was a faculty in reserve, to be felt, rather than to be marked as prominent, which kept levity and vulgarity at a distance, and imparted to his look and bearing an influence far more impressive than a stern rebuke. He had taken part in but one debate in the Linonian Society when he was selected to deliver the annual address before the incoming Freshman Class, and from that success he stood forth both as orator and scholar, to be honored among the first.

Mr. Brinsmade studied law with his relative, the Hon. Victor Birdseye, at Pompey, N. Y., then with Lucien Birdseye, Esq. (Yale Class of 1841), at Albany, where he commenced law practice in 1847. On the 12th of October, 1854, he married

Miss Jennie Newman, daughter of Henry and Mary Newman, of Albany, making his residence at Brooklyn. Six children survive the father. From 1853 until 1868 he was the law partner of W. C. Barrett, and until the close confinement and the exacting demands of a large practice so impaired his health as to force him to seek more out-of-office work. He had already been the legal adviser of prominent iron-masters on the Hudson, and had acquired interests in common with them. In 1868 he accepted an advantageous offer of Mr. Edward Bech, proprietor of the Poughkeepsie Iron Works, to participate in his business enterprise, and devoted the remaining years of his life to their development. At Port Henry (Lake Champlain), Fishkill, Poughkeepsie, Cornwall, the Dunderberg Range, and later in Bedford County, Pa., he became an expert in mining and manufacture, visiting Europe, as well as the Western territories, to keep up with developments elsewhere. The last special enterprise undertaken was the commencement of a furnace of large capacity, just where the ore and coal could be handled in the fabrication of iron at a minimum of transportation, and had already gained assurance of success. His keen perceptive faculties, combined with a thorough analysis of the economical laws and usages of trade, enabled him to meet the exigencies of his work with peculiar tact and benefit. As President

of the American Iron and Metal Exchange, of the Everett Iron Company, and in other equally important trusts, as president or treasurer, he enjoyed that appreciative respect which his large experience and patient devotion deserved. As the potential factor in the control and management of interests which represented millions of capital, as elsewhere, he filled the measure of his duty. A lover of art, enthusiastic in the refinements of social life, he made his leisure hours so redolent of the flavor which blesses home that the casual visitor could hardly realize that the tender head of the household, surrounded by choice exponents of art and taste, was alike the painstaking student of history, literature, and science, while no less strong of nerve and alive with zeal in every sphere of outside life. As Sunday-school superintendent, and for twenty-two years either deacon or elder in the Reformed Church on the Heights, he wrought as faithfully to make the most of opportunity and privilege. There were times when he looked back to his old profession with just a tinge of regret that his health had not permitted him to prosecute its work, but never with murmur or abiding regret. Those who knew him well also knew that his capacity and integrity were the pledge of success in any field of labor. In parting from such a friend, there is no place for sad and gloomy views of life past or of the lingering years which defer reunion. They

will fly swiftly enough. If his whisper could be borne from the heavenly mansions to the sorrowing hearts below it would surely breathe this spirit: "Be ye also ready. The Father doeth all things well."

H. B. C.

No. 77 Chester Square, Boston, January 13, 1884.

[From the *Iron Age*, January 24th, 1884.]

It is not often that the iron industries of the United States are so suddenly deprived of a representative man as by the death of James B. Brinsmade, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Brinsmade was born May 1, 1824, at Franklin Square, New York, where Harpers' building now stands. His father, James B. Brinsmade, Sr., graduated at Yale College in 1813, and was an active member of the City School Board for many years. The son taught in the city schools, and also graduated at Yale in 1845, with high credit as scholar and orator. He studied law, first with Hon. Victory Birdseye, at Pompey, N. Y., and then with Mr. Lucien Birdseye, at Albany, where he practiced his profession from 1847 until 1853, when he removed to New York, and was the law partner of Mr. W. C. Barrett until 1868. The pressure of a large practice wore upon his health and compelled him to seek more out-of-door activity. As the legal adviser of prominent iron-masters on the



Hudson, and having acquired interests in common with them, he was invited by Mr. Edward Bech to join him in business, and devote his entire time and energies to its development. At the time of his death, Mr. Brinsmade was actively connected with the following companies and interested in many others: The Everett Iron Company, the Mahopac Iron Company, the Port Henry Iron Ore Company, the Fallkill Iron Company, the Poughkeepsie Iron Company, and the mining companies connected with the two iron companies just named. He was instrumental in forming the Iron and Metal Exchange Company, Limited, and was its first president, not from any personal desire, but from what seemed to him the best interests of the iron trade.

In 1854 he married Miss Jennie Newman, daughter of Henry and Mary Newman, of Albany, and settled at Brooklyn, where he resided until death. Three sons and three daughters survive. Very positive and peculiar characteristics marked Mr. Brinsmade in his life work. He inherited from his Puritan ancestors a strong will, a quick and exacting conscience, and such profound reverence, as a habit of spirit, that every occupation was under their sway. The most trying issue did not disturb his even balance. Success did not impair the quiet modesty with which he wrought out that success. The wear of travel and the weight

of great financial responsibility were dropped promptly whenever domestic or religious obligations demanded their rightful intervals of freedom from business demands. A rare sense of the transient nature of earthly labor was so solemnly associated with his idea of life as a preparatory state, that family, church and business, alike in turn, received his devoted attention, and all were enjoyed in their reciprocal relations to each other and to the whole life. Books of science took their turn with literature, poetry and history for nutriment and refreshment. Paintings and specialties of art were objects for rest and delight to the eye in the retirement of home. Sympathy and true charity for others excluded false pride, while the dignity which attached to his very conception of life excluded levity, vulgarity and rude familiarity from his presence. As politician or soldier, he would have borne his part well. Patriotic and religious, without bigotry—generous, but neither wasteful nor ostentatious—prudent and discriminating, without parsimony—ever genial and just, he measured life by its relations to an endless life beyond. In the management of trusts which represented millions of capital he filled the measure of duty as completely as he did in the endearing confidences of domestic and social life.

Mr. Brinsmade's associations with Mr. Edward Bech and Mr. Henri M. Braem, as well as with

their colleagues, in the direction of the various companies which so long had the benefit of his advice, were without a jar, and replete with incidents which honor his memory. The death of such a man is a loss to society ; but the outline of his life, however faintly presented, is enough to inspire the ambition of others with fresh incentives to excel and leave a like record — honored and spotless.

The fracture of his hip by a fall, while returning home from the Christmas Sunday-school festival of the Reformed Church on the Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y., of which he had been an officer for twenty-two years, did not impair his cheerful acceptance of the casualty as providentially designed to give him a little (much needed) home rest, and neither the surgeon nor the family anticipated the sad event which came, almost instantaneously, without struggle or pain, from syncope of the heart.

[From the *Christian Intelligencer*, January 9, 1884.]

By the death of James Beebee Brinsmade, Esq., which occurred suddenly on the 3d inst., of syncope of the heart, in Brooklyn, N. Y., the Church on the Heights loses one of its most active, devoted, and generous members, and the Reformed Church is deprived of one of its most intelligent, judicious, earnest, and liberal friends.

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Mr. Brinsmade was a gentleman of varied attainments, cultivated tastes, and of a fine, genial, and benevolent spirit, added to which was the beauty of a simple Christian faith and godly example. Many will mourn for him as a kind friend and a strong support. Mr. Brinsmade was born in this city, May 1, 1824, graduated at Yale College in 1845, studied law with Victor Birdseye, in Pompey, Onondaga County, was admitted to the bar in Albany, where he practiced successfully for six years, when he removed to this city and continued in the practice of his profession for fifteen years, and then being chosen as the counsel of the Port Henry Iron Company and the Poughkeepsie Iron Works, dissolved his partnership with William C. Barrett, Esq., and practiced independently. Subsequently he retired from his profession and engaged in the manufacture of iron. On December 26th he fell on the ice while crossing the street and fractured a thigh-bone, but was apparently recovering from that injury. His death was a surprise not only to his family, but also to his physicians. He leaves a widow and six children.

[From the *Brooklyn Eagle*, January 4, 1884.]

Mr. James Beebee Brinsmade, a well-known iron manufacturer of this city, and a distinguished representative at one time of the New York bar, died

yesterday at his home, No. 166 Columbia Heights, aged sixty years, of disease of the heart. Mr. Brinsmade's death was due to injuries sustained on the evening of December 26th, by a fall on the ice, while returning from the Sunday-school festival of the Church on the Heights, of which he was a prominent member. It was expected, however, by his friends that he would recover in the course of a few months, when his illness assumed a dangerous phase, and to the surprise, not only of his family but of his physicians, he passed away quite suddenly yesterday morning. He was born on May 1, 1824, in Franklin Square, New York, on the site of the publishing house now occupied by Harper & Brothers. His father was for many years superintendent of the public schools of that city. He graduated in 1845, from Yale College, and subsequently studied law for a year in the office of Victor Birdseye, in Pompey, Onondaga County. On completing that course he continued his legal studies in the office of Lucien Birdseye, in Albany, but now of this city, with whom he remained twelve months. In the following year he was engaged as clerk for Christopher Y. Lansing, agent of the estates of Volkert P. Douw, in the vicinity of Albany. While employed by Mr. Lansing he made application and was admitted to the bar. He was very successful in his profession, and, after a practice of six years in Albany and the Hudson River

*The estates  
of Volkert  
never had any  
agents in any  
general sense  
of my knowledge  
if they had they  
was not such  
an agent at  
all. I know  
of many of the members  
of his family were  
indebted to him for  
much excellent legal  
advice & faithful  
legal services A.L.*

counties, he came to New York, where he formed a copartnership with William C. Barrett, which continued for fifteen years. On Mr. Brinsmade's retirement from the firm he acted as counsel for the Port Henry Iron Company, of Lake Champlain, and the Poughkeepsie Iron Works. He subsequently relinquished the practice of law and gave his entire attention to his extensive iron interests. Mr. Brinsmade was a gentleman of the highest culture, possessing very agreeable social qualities, and a man who was esteemed by all with whom he came in contact. He leaves a widow and six children.

Similar notices in the *New York Times*, *New York Herald*, and the *Brooklyn Union*.















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